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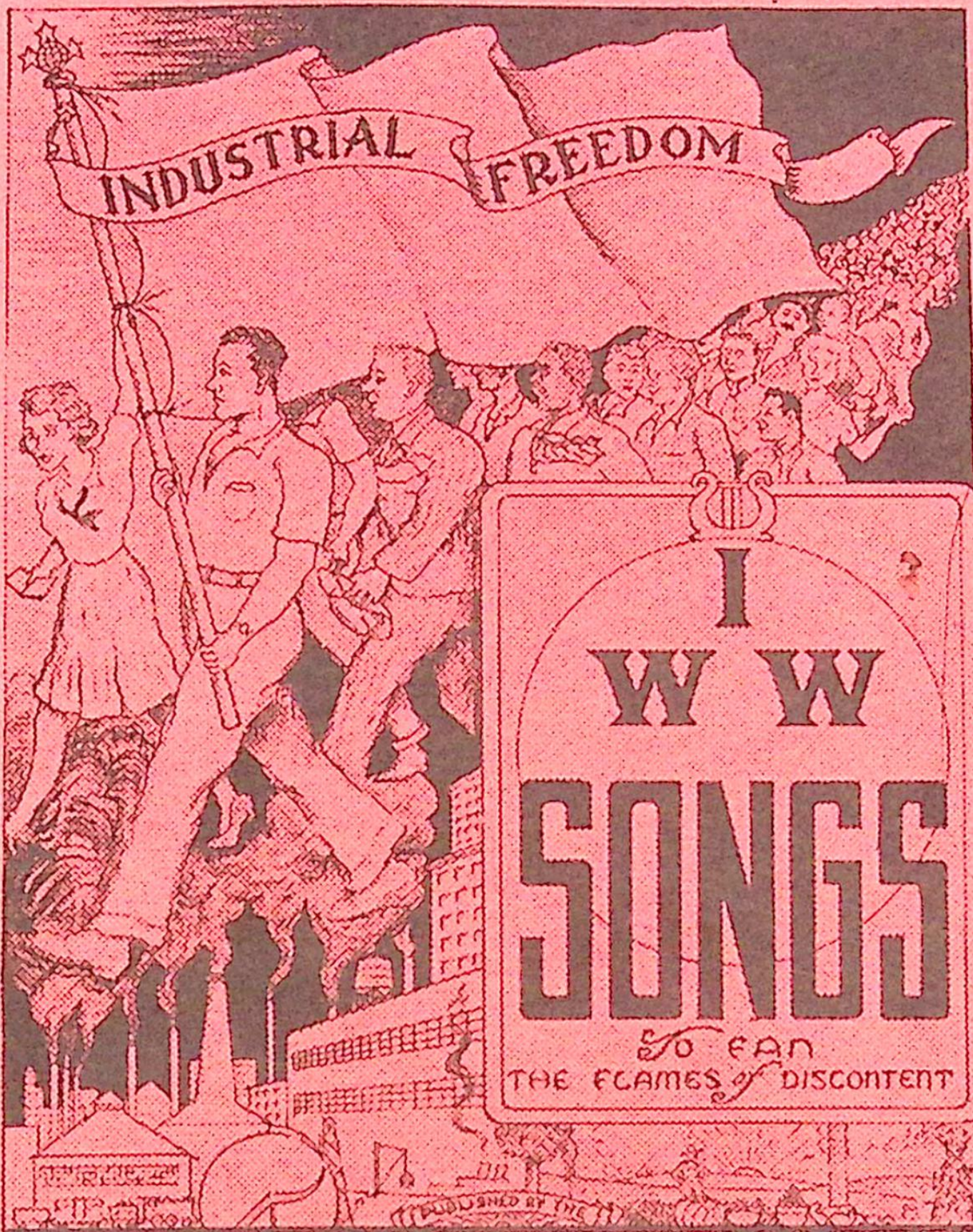

I W W SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES of DISCONTENT

PUBLISHED BY THE

Industrial Workers of the World

PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

SONGS
of the workers

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

34th Edition

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song index

All Hell Can't Stop Us.....43
Are You A Wobbly?.....49
Banner of Labor.....19
Blanket Stiff.....42
The Boss.....15
Casey Jones – The Union Scab.....60-61
Christians At War.....12
Commonwealth Of Toil.....13
Dollar Alarm Clock.....53
Dump The Bosses Off Your Back.....16
Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks.....52
The Four Hour Day.....42
General Strike Song.....18-19
Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!.....9
Harvest Land.....24
Harvest War Song.....25
Hold The Fort.....33
I'm Too Old To Be A Scab.....21
The International.....5-7
It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline.....28
Larimer Street.....40
The Lumberjack's Prayer.....50-51
Mr. Block.....36-37
My Wandering Boy.....30-31
Mysteries Of A Hobo's Life.....29
Out In The Breadline.....61
Outa Work Blues.....59
Overalls And Snuff.....37
The Popular Wobbly.....63
The Portland Revolution.....44-45
The Preacher And The Slave.....64

The Prison Song..... 55
The Rebel Girl.....38-39
The Red Feast.....14-15
The Red Flag..... 62
Scissor Bill.....22-23
Scissorbill's Song.....16
Solidarity Forever..... 4-5
The Song Of The Rail.....31
Stand Up! Ye Workers.....41
Stick 'Em Up..... 54
Stung Right.....17
There Is Power In A Union..... 8
They Are All Fighters..... 48
The Tramp..... 20-21
Union Maid..... 46
We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years..... 26
We Will Sing One Song..... 34-35
Where The Fraser River Flows..... 58
The White Slave..... 47
Workers Of The World Awaken.....10-11
Workingmen, Unite..... 32

*

This is the 34th Edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909 and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, numbers by titles give the year or the edition in which the song first appeared in the IWW songbook, regardless of when it was written, as: "13th edition, 1917."

*

We are aware that many of the songs speak of working men and fail to include women. This reflects the language of the period in which they were written, not any exclusionary policy of the IWW. In fact, the IWW has never discriminated against women, either in organizing them or in placing major responsibility on them.

Solidarity Forever

(Tune: *John Brown's Body*)

(by Ralph Chaplin, January 1915) (9th edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong. *[chorus]*

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong. *[chorus]*

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong. *[chorus]*

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong. *[chorus]*

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.
For the Union makes us strong. *[chorus]*

The International

(by Eugene Pottier; translated by Charles H. Kerr)
(words and music on next two pages)

[The First International or International Workingmen's Association was founded in London in 1864 and the Second Socialist and Labor International in Paris in 1889. This originally French song has ever since expressed their hopes in all the languages of mankind.

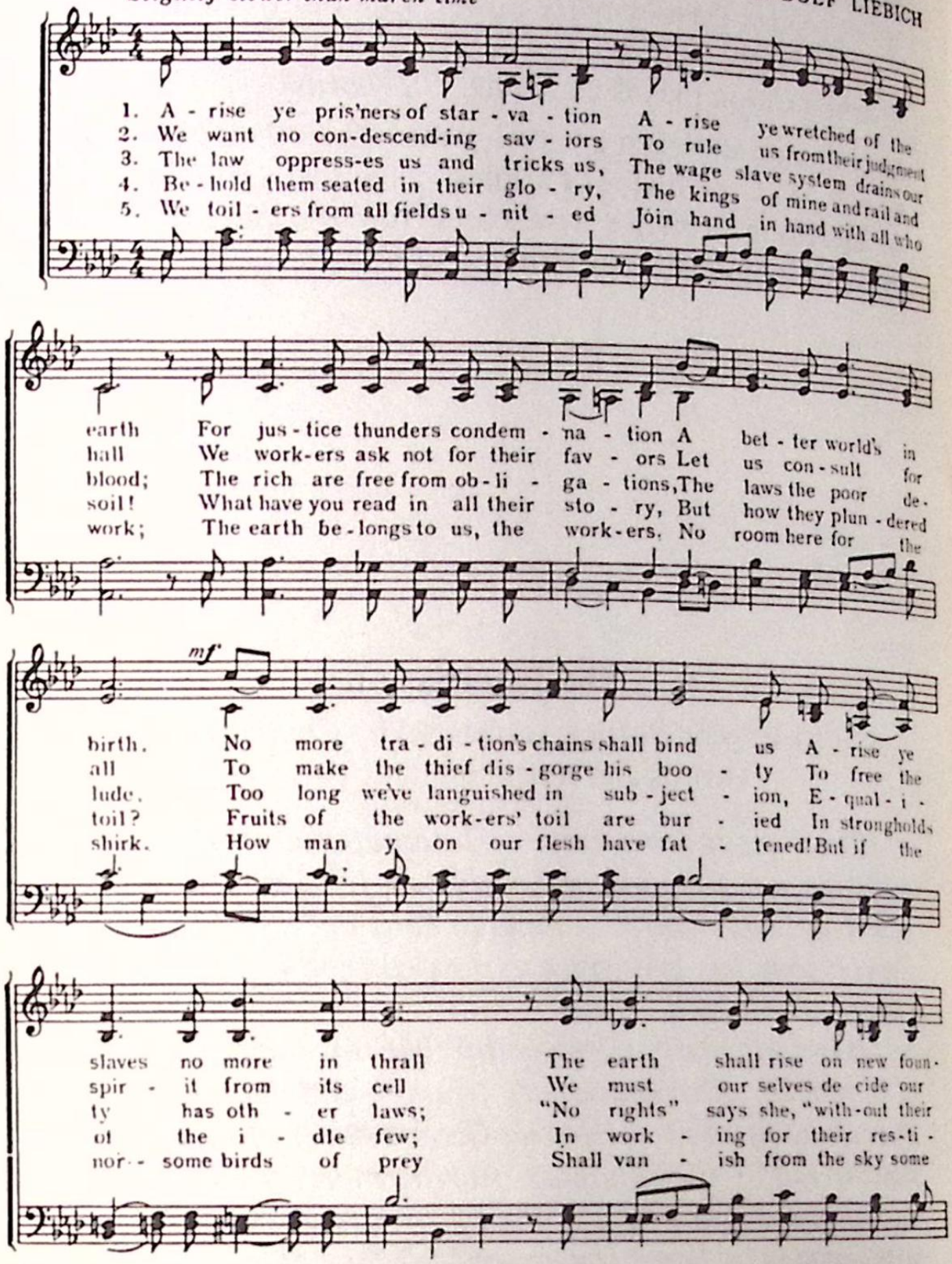
[It is particularly noteworthy that this song was written not at a moment of revolutionary triumph and euphoria, but rather in June of 1871, when the Communards of Paris were being slaughtered by the hundreds. Furthermore, the stirring melody was composed not by a trained professional musician, but by a workingman of Paris, DeGeyter.]

The International

Adapted from
CHAS. H. KERR'S translation.

Harmonized by
RUDOLF LIEBICH

Slightly slower than march time


1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit - ed Join hand in hand with all who
earth For jus - tice thunders condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in
hall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for
blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -
soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered
work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers. No room here for the
mf
birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye
all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the
lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -
toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds
shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the
slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -
spir - it from its cell We must our selves de cide our
ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with-out their
of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res-ti -
nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some

rit
da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.
du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.
du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause!"
tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.
morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.
REFRAIN March time
'Tis the fin al con - flict Let each stand in his place The
In - ter - na-tion-al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the
rit.
fin - al con - flict Let each stand in his place The
a tempo
Slow
SOLO
In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race.

There Is Power In A Union

(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
Then come, do your share, like a man.

[Chorus] *There is pow'r, there is pow'r*
In a band of workingmen,
When they stand hand in hand,
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
That must rule in every land –
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
And live in a shack, way in the back?
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,
And starve here with rags on your back? *[chorus]*

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"
Then join in the grand Industrial band;
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
Then come, do your share, like a man. *[chorus]*

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
Then don't organize, all unions despise.
If you want nothing before you are dead,
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. *[chorus]*

Come, all ye workers, from every land,
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
Come on! Do your share, like a man. *[chorus]*

Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!

(Tune: Revive Us Again*)*

[Hobo parody of the last century, adapted by Spokane IWW winter of 1908 for use on song card of that year, preceding songbooks]

O, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

[Chorus] *Hallelujah, I'm a bum!*
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn. *[chorus]*

O, I like my boss –
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving
Out in the breadline. *[chorus]*

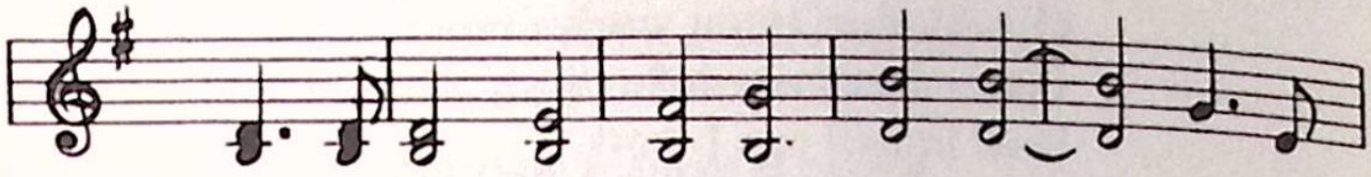
I can't buy a job
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car
For I'm a hobo. *[chorus]*

Whenever I get
All the money I earn
The boss will be broke
And to work he must turn. *[chorus]*

Marching-Song dedicated to all class-conscious workers – everywhere

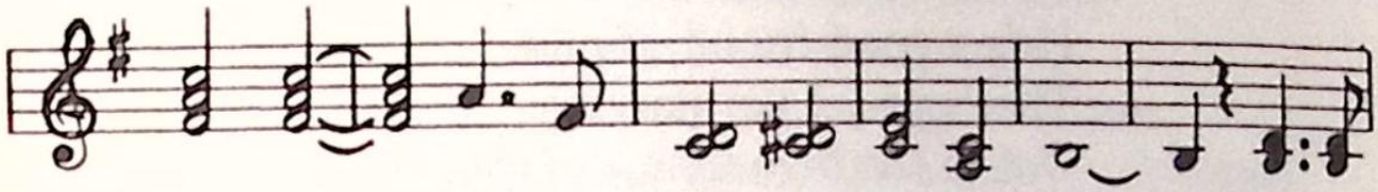
Workers of the World Awaken

Words & Music by JOE HILL

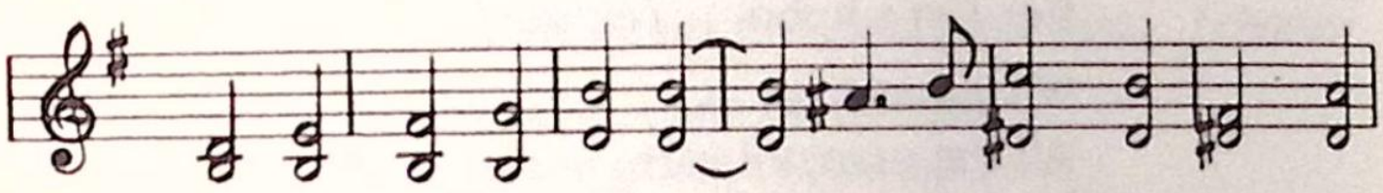


Work-ers of the World a - wak - en Break your
If the work-ers take a no - tion They can
Join the Un - ion Fel - low Work-ers Men and
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en Rise in

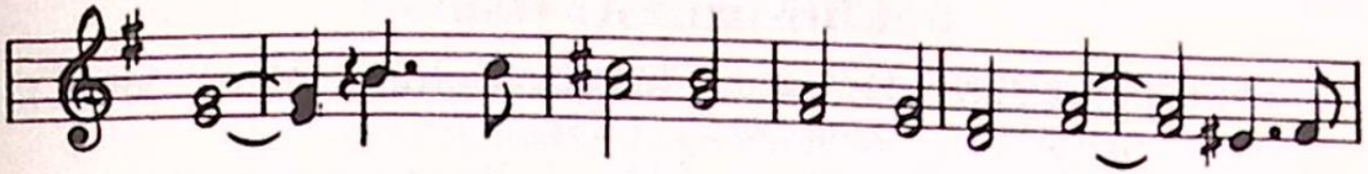
chains, de - mand your rights All the wealth you make is
stop all speed-ing trains Ev - ery ship u - pon the
wo - men side by side We will crush the greed-y
all your splen-did might Take the wealth which you are



tak - en By ex - ploit ing par - a - sites. Shall ye
o - cean They can tie with might-y chains Ev - ery
shirk-ers Like a sweep-ing surg-ing tide For u -
mak - ing It be - longs to you by right No one

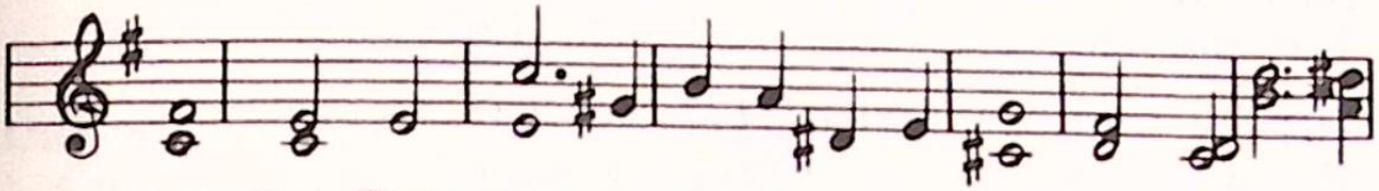


kneel in deep sub-mis - sion From your cra - dle to your
wheel in the cre-a - tion Ev - ery mine and ev - ery
nit - ed we are stand-ing But di - vid - ed we will
will for bread be cry - ing We'll have Free-dom, Love and

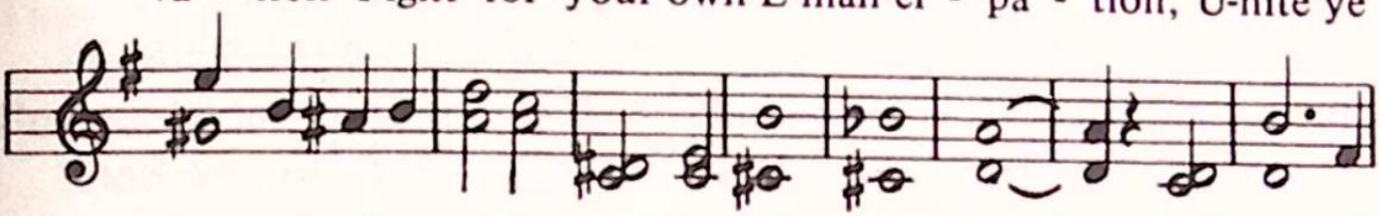


graves Is the height of your am-bi - tion To be
mill Fleets and ar - mies of the na - tion Will at
fall Let this be our un - der-stand-ing All for
Health When the Grand Red Flag is fly - ing In the

good and will - ing slaves. A-rise ye pris-'ners of star-
their com-mand stand still.
One and One for All.
Work-ers Com - mon - wealth.



va - tion Fight for your own E-man-ci - pa - tion, U-nite ye



slaves of ev'-ry na-tion In One Un - ion Grand.— Our lit - tle

ones for bread are cry - ing And mil-lions are from hun-ger dy-

ing, The end the means are jus-ti-fy-ing 'Tis the fin - al stand.—

Christians At War

(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers!*)*
(by John F. Kendrick) (9th edition, 1913)

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain:
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat;
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;
Trample human freedom under pious feet.
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools:
History will say of you: "That pack of G.. d... fools."

Commonwealth Of Toil

(Tune: Nellie Gray. *Also sounds good to* That Aggravating Beauty Lula Walls*)*

(by Ralph Chaplin) *(14th edition, April 1918)*

In the gloom of mighty cities
'Mid the roar of whirling wheels
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

[Chorus] *But we have a glowing dream*
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free;
When the earth is owned by Labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead? *[chorus]*

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad? *[ch.]*

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with love and laughter,
We, who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay. *[chorus]*

The Red Feast

(by Ralph Chaplin, 1914) (21st edition, 1925)

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife
  And spill each other's guts upon the field;
Serve unto death the men you served in life
  So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag – the lie that still allures;
  Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
And give unto a war that is not yours
  Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill
  You must not pause to question why nor where.
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?
  It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed,
  That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead;
  The condor thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar,
  "Enough! enough! God give us peace again."
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War
  Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"
  Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
For there your dismal tasks are still undone
  And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
  Of scattered legions – what has been the gain?
Once more beneath the lash you must distill
  Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathesome toil,
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So they will smite your blind eyes till you see
And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never set you free
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name
And boundaries are things that don't exist
That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

The Boss

(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*)*
(author unknown – perhaps John Neuhaus)

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime.
Praise him for bits of overtime.
Praise him whose wars we love to fight.
Praise him, fat leech and parasite.

Dump The Bosses Off Your Back

(Tune: Take It To The Lord In Prayer*)*
(by John Brill) (9th edition, 1916)

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob – why don't you buck like thunder,
And dump the bosses off your back?
All the agonies you suffer
You can end with one good whack –
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer –
And dump the bosses off your back.

Scissorbill's Song

(Tune: America*)*
(from undated early Seattle edition)

Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tannas Siam
Ove tannas.
Sucha tammas Siam
Ino kan giffa dam
Osucha nas Siam
Osucha nas!

Stung Right

(Tune: Sunlight, Sunlight*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,
I saw a sign, "A thousand men are wanted right away,"
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet.
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

[Chorus] Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U.S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's shoes.

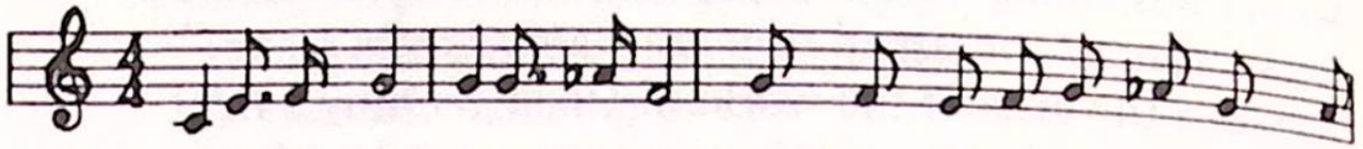
One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and out.
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a case."
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice;
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

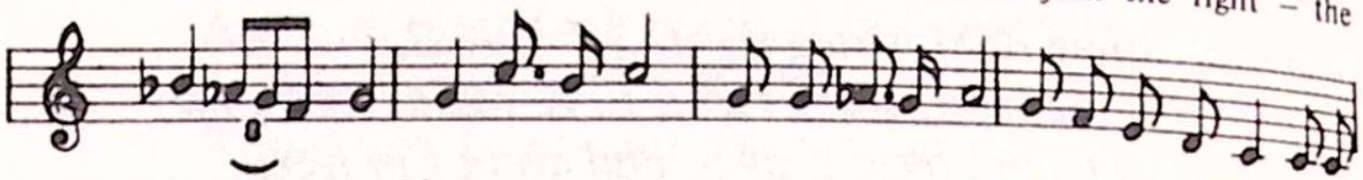
Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means:
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's Pork and Beans.

General Strike Song

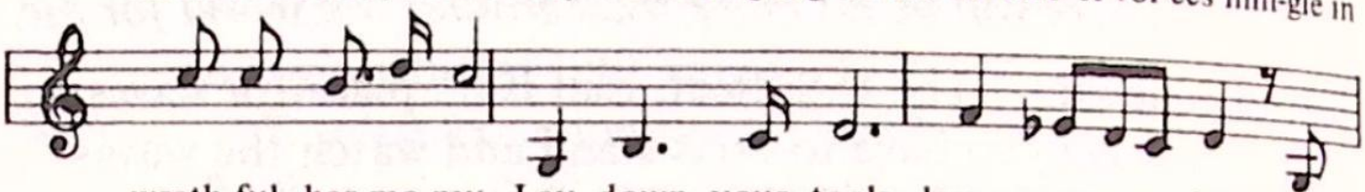
(Tune: Procession of the Sardar, *by Ippolitov-Ivanov)*
(by Louis Burcar, for Industrial Worker, *May 4, 1934)*
(33rd edition, 1970)



O-ver the land, o-ver the sea Comes the call to join the fight – the

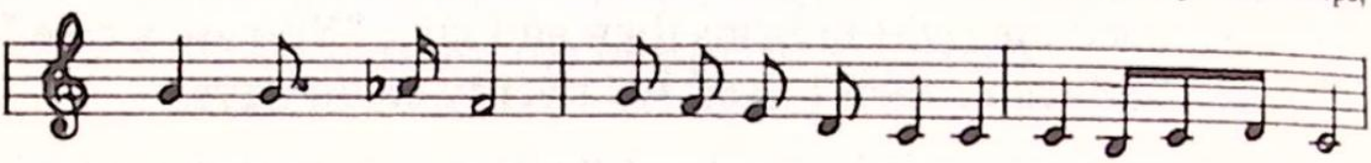


strike to be free; Now ev-ery-where ring-ing on the air Reb-el voi-ces min-gle in

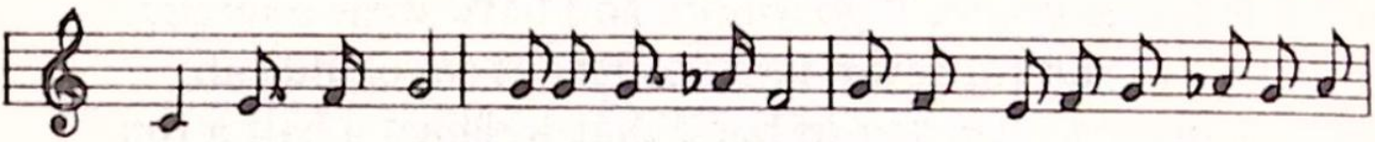


wrath-ful har-mo-ny: Lay down your tools, leave your ma-chine, Come

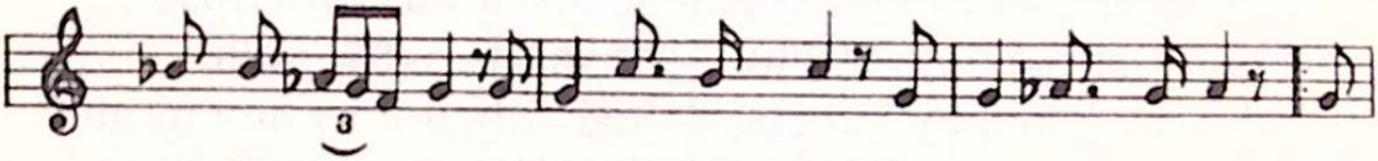
up from the mines, out of the fields so green; Tie up the ships,



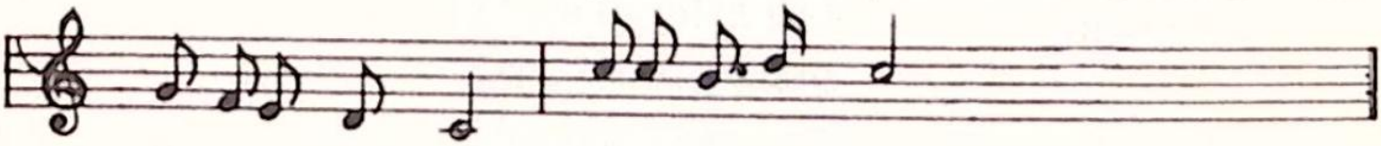
close down the shops – Let the par - a - sites get wise as they get lean.



Deep down in mines, shut in shops of steel, Let them do the speed-up till their



brains be-gin to reel; But no gears could work, star-va-tion would lurk – With-



out us noth-ing moves – not a sin - gle wheel!

Second verse: Then take up your tools, work your machine,
Run your ships and factories, till the fields so green;
But close the gates up tight – lock out the parasite –
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.

No more to slave, no more to toil
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;
Strike now as one, fight for our right
To all that we produce from factory or soil.

So let us strike – strike to be free;
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery!
Join in the song, strike with the strong –
All power to the Union – the world for the free!
All power to the Union – the world for the free!

Banner Of Labor

(Tune: The Star-Spangled Banner*)*
(1909 edition)

O say can you hear, coming near and more near,
The call now resounding "Come all ye that labor"?
The Industrial Band throughout all the land
Bids toilers remember each toiler his neighbor.
Come workers unite! 'Tis humanity's fight;
We call, you come forth in your manhood and fight.

[Chorus] And the Banner of Labor will surely soon wave
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes,
While Poverty gaunt, desolation and want
Have dwelt in the hovels of earth's toiling masses.
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,
Industrial union the wage slave now cheers. *[chorus]*

The Tramp

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

[Chorus] Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.
Nothing doing here for you;
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear the ball and chain,
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,
Till the shoes fell off his feet.
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
What the lady told him made him feel so blue. *[chorus]*

'Cross the street a sign he read,
"Work for Jesus," so it said,
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
And he kneeled upon the floor
Till his knees got rather sore,
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry – *[chorus]*

Down the street he met a cop,
And the copper made him stop,
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
Come with me up to the judge."
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,
Bums that have no money needn't come around." *[ch.]*

Finally came the happy day
When his life did pass away,
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died;
When he reached the pearly gate
Santa Peter, mean old skate
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried: *[ch.]*

I'm Too Old To Be A Scab

(Tune: Just Before The Battle, Mother*)*
(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta]) *(21st edition, 1925)*

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't deceive you,
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will feed me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging
While the sun is high and warm,
It would cause me sundry dodging
Through the winter's cold and storm.
I must have the all that's in it –
In the labor that I sell;
For you cannot tell what minute
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only –
As you count your wealth untold,
Would you have me save bologny
'Gainst the day when I am old?
Now we understand each other,
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother,"
I'm too old to be a scab.

Scissor Bill

(Tune: Steamboat Bill*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.
And Scissor Bill, he says: "The country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede."
He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

Scissor Bill the "foreigners" is cussin';
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill is down on everybody –
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.

And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,
When he gets to heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh sure! He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

WHAT IS A SCAB?

attributed to Jack London

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which to make a SCAB. A SCAB is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a SCAB comes down the street, men turn their backs and angels weep in Heaven, and the Devil shuts the gates of Hell to keep him out. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a SCAB. For betraying his master, he had the character to hang himself – a SCAB hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust, or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to himself, a traitor to his God, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his family, and a traitor to his class.

There is nothing lower than a SCAB.

Harvest Land

(Tune: Beulah Land*)*

(by T-Bone and H) (17th edition, 1920)

The harvest drive is on again,
John Farmer needs a lot of men;
To work beneath the Kansas heat
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

[Chorus] Oh Farmer John – Poor Farmer John,
Our faith in you is over-drawn.
– Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,
Your only creed is Going Wage –
"Bull Durham" will not buy our brawn –
You're out of luck – poor Farmer John.

You advertise, in Omaha,
"Come leave the Valley of the Kaw,"
Nebraska calls "Don't be mis-led.
We'll furnish you a feather bed!" *[chorus]*

Then South Dakota lets a roar,
"We need ten thousand men – or more;
Our grain is turning – prices drop!
For God's sake save our bumper crop." *[chorus]*

In North Dakota – (I'll be darn)
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosiers" barn
– Then hoosier breaks into his snore
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

[Chorus] Oh Harvest Land – Sweet Burning Sand!
– As on the sun-kissed field I stand
I look away across the plain
And wonder if it's going to rain –
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,
That I will not be here again.

Harvest War Song

(Tune: Tipperary*)*
(by Pat Brennan) (9th edition, 1916)

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.
For nigh on fifty years or more we've gathered up your hay.
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shouts;
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-abouts?

[Chorus]
It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun;
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-abouts. *[cho.]*

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.
It is driving us to action – we are organized today;
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay. *[cho.]*

We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years

(written by 'An Unknown Proletarian,' music by Von Liebich)
(first listed printing, Industrial Union Bulletin, April 18, 1908)

We have fed you all for a thousand years
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest
And you lie on crimson wool.
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years –
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike a week ago.
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God! We have bought it fair!

WHAT IS A BOSS?

When the body was first created, there was contention among the component parts as to who was going to be the boss.

The brain said: "Since I am the nerve center that controls everything and does all of the thinking, I should be the boss."

The feet said: "Since I carry all the friggin' weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said: "Since I must do all the manual labor and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said: "Since I must look out for all of you and let you know when danger lurks, I should be the boss."

And so it went with the heart, the lungs, and various other component parts of the body, till there was no one left but the anus. All the others laughed when he made his bid for bosshood, for who ever heard of an anus being boss of anything? This rebuff upset the anus so much that in a pique of anger he closed himself off completely and refused to function any further.

Soon the brain was feverish; the eyes crossed and ached; the feet were too weak to carry the load; the hands hung limply at the sides; and the heart, the lungs, and all the rest of the component parts struggled to keep going. They all capitulated to the anus, and he finally became the boss.

While they did all the work, the anus just basked and let out a lot of hot air, along with the other material that it is the anus's function to let out.

The moral of this little episode is that it takes no special talent to be a boss – so why have one if everyone knows how to work together in harmony? Think about it!

– X 325505

It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline

(Tune: Tipperary*)*

(1915 NYC adaptation of Joe Hill's S.F. World's Fair parody)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find.
The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

[Chorus] It's a long way down to the soupline,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soupline,
And the soup is thin I know.
Good bye, good old pork chops,
Farewell, beefsteak rare;
It's a long way down to the soupline,
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say: *[ch.]*

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed
By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and strong,
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song: *[ch.]*

Mysteries Of A Hobo's Life

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me*)*

(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta]) (17th edition, 1920)

I took a job on an extra gang,
Way up in the mountain,
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes
And the sweat was enough to blind me,
He didn't seem to like my pace,
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train
And around the country traveled,
The mysteries of a hobo's life
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west
And the "shacks" could never find me,
Next morning I was miles away
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"
Who were known as Industrial Workers
They taught me how to be a man –
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch
And now in the ranks you'll find me,
Hurrah for the cause – To hell with the boss!
And the job I left behind me.

My Wandering Boy

(Tune: Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?*)*
(One of four songs on 1908 song card)

Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
Or else he is bumming a ride.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
He's on the head end of an overland train –
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see.
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."
So to join the chain gang far off he is led
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
To strike many blows to the County he goes,
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will –
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?
His money is "out of sight."
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.
Here's luck! – to your boy tonight.

The Song Of The Rail

(by Ralph Chaplin) *(21st edition, 1925)*

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,
Stickin' around at a regular job.
All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,
We don't fit in on a laborin' job.
Things here is much too precise and pernickity,
Bo, I would just as soon be in a jail.
Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Us for the road and the old hobo way again,
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,
Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,
Nary a worry of work to be done.
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickity –
Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Judges will call you a shame to society,
Brakemen'll bounce you off onto the ground.
Trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety,
Here we're just ploddin' around and around.
Honest, I'm getting all feeble and rickety,
Say, Bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick:
Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,
Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.

Workingmen, Unite!

(Tune: Red Wing*)*
(by E. S. Nelson) (1909 edition)

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury.
You workingmen are poor –
Will be forevermore –
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

[Chorus] Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous – has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall";
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round.
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on! *[chorus]*

Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain.
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,
And serve your enemy? *[chorus]*

Hold The Fort

We meet today in Freedom's cause
And raise our voices high;
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

[Chorus] *Hold the fort for we are coming –*
Union men, be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh. *[chorus]*

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugles blow.
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe. *[chorus]*

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear,
Help will come whene'er it's needed,
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer. *[chorus]*

*[*Hold The Fort *was first a gospel song by Bliss written in 1870 and based on an incident in the Civil War in which Union meant Northern. It was first made into a labor song by the Knights of Labor, and cast in the form above by British Transport Workers about 1890. It first entered the Songbook in the 8th edition, 1914.]*

We Will Sing One Song

(Tune: My Old Kentucky Home*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,
The horny-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed.
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

[Ch.] Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear. *[chorus]*

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track. *[chorus]*

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In sweatshops 'mong the looms and the spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,
The hope of the toiler and slave,
It is coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave. *[chorus]*

Joe Hill's Last Will

(Written in his cell November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution)

My will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss and moan –
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."
My body? Ah, if I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow.
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will,
Good luck to all of you,

– Joe Hill.

Mr. Block

(Tune: It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.
And Block thinks he may
Be President some day.

[Chorus] Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,
You take the cake,
You make me ache.
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck,
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.
He shouted, "That's too raw,
I'll fix them with the law." *[chorus]*

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
He said, "I'll join the union – the great A. F. of L."
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."
Sam Gompers said, "You see,
You've got our sympathy." *[chorus]*

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,
But after the election he got an awful shock:
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block
And Comrade Block did sob,

"I helped him to his job." *[chorus]*

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell:
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefell."
Old Pete said, "Is that so?
You'll meet them down below." *[chorus]*

Overalls And Snuff

(Tune: Wearing Of The Green*)*
(8th edition, 1914)

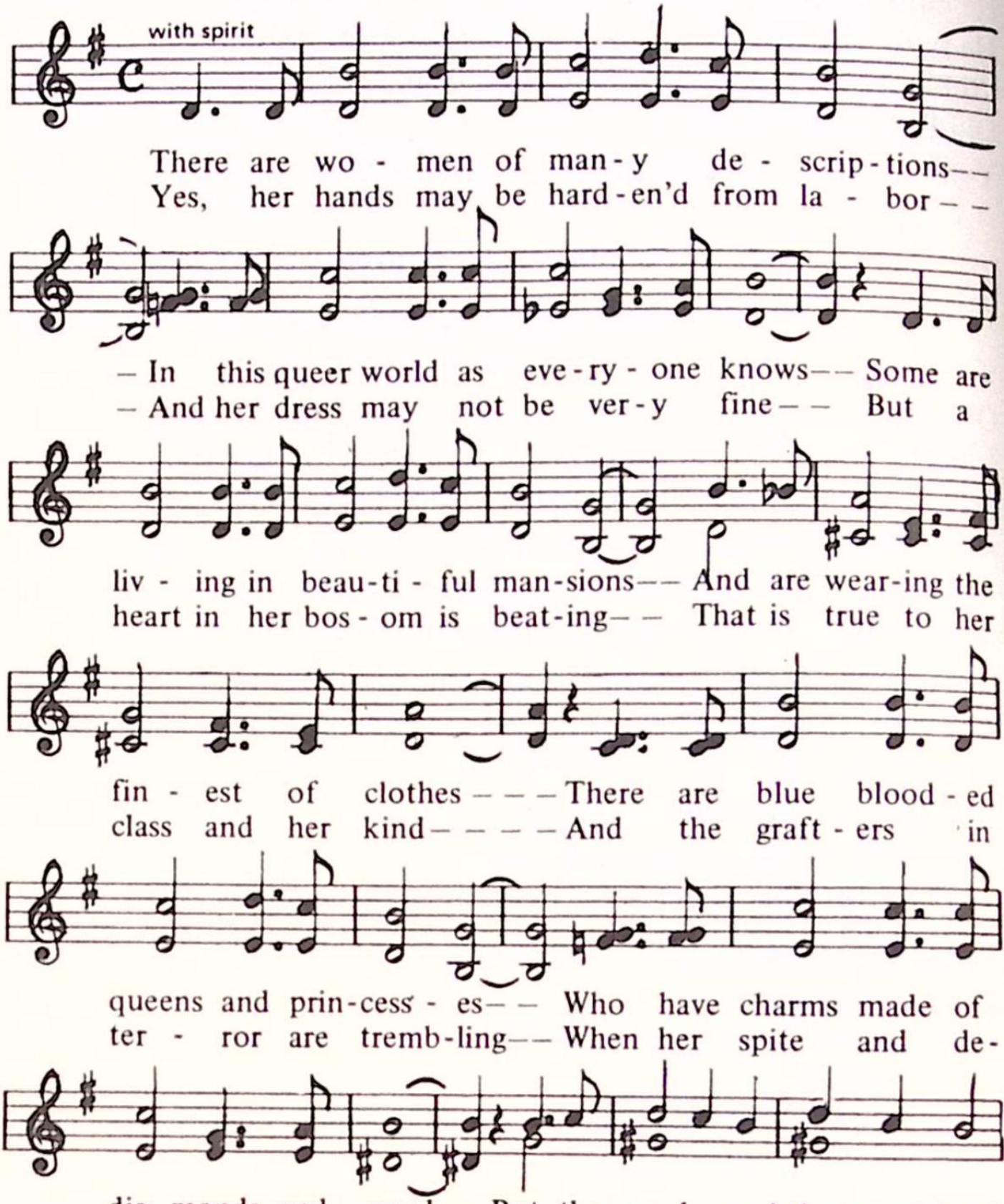
One day as I was walking along the railroad track
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back.
He was an old-time hop-picker, I'd seen his face before,
And I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.
By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.

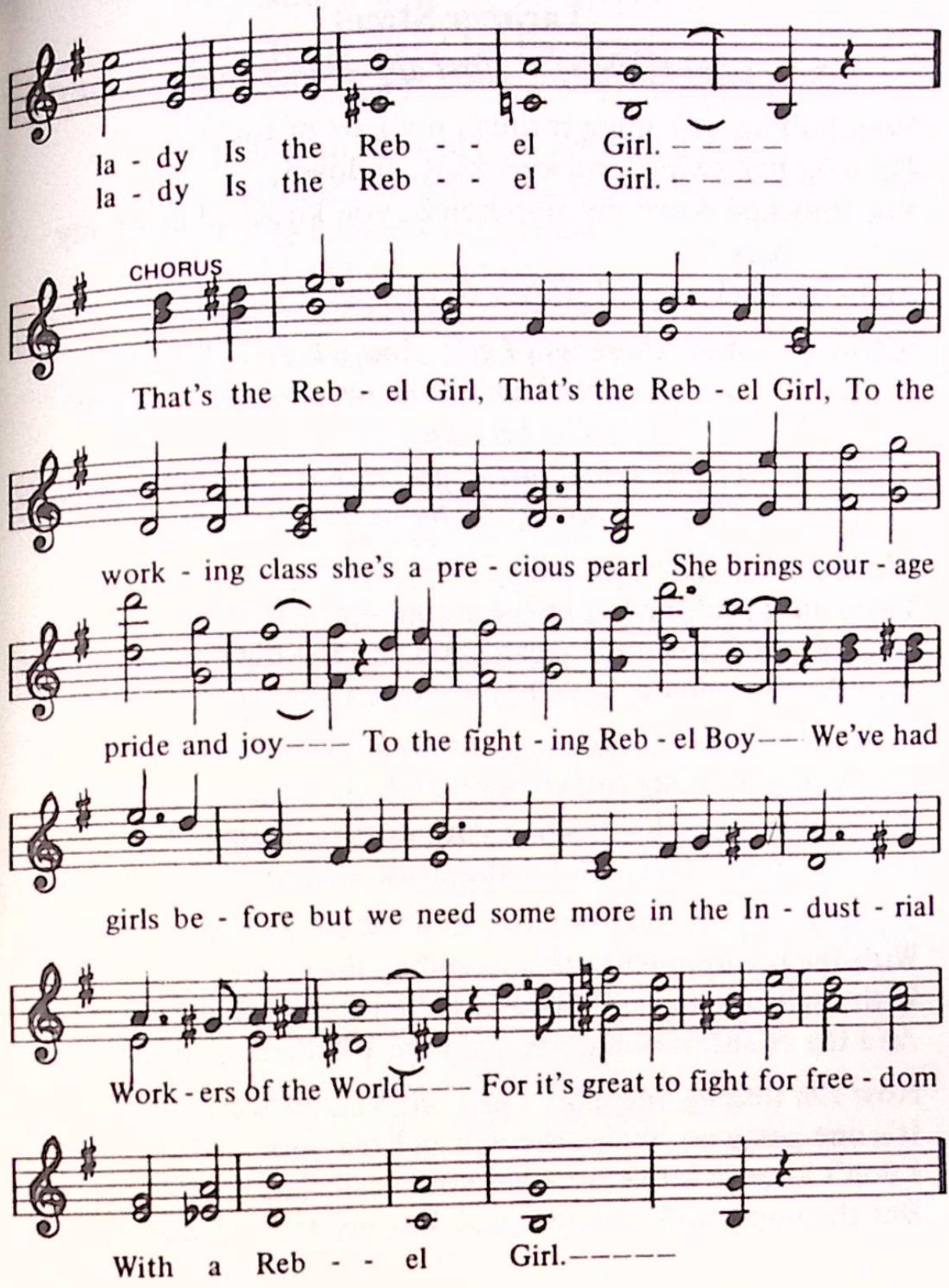
He took the blankets off his back and sat down on the rail,
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail.
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike.
Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,
They are putting men in prison just for going out on strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in the pen;
If they catch a Wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and then.
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore:
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.
We can always get some more, we can always get some more,
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.

THE REBEL GIRL

(words and music written by Joe Hill in jail, February 1915)


with spirit
There are wo - men of man - y de - scrip - tions—
Yes, her hands may be hard - en'd from la - bor—
— In this queer world as eve - ry - one knows— Some are
— And her dress may not be ver - y fine— But a
liv - ing in beau - ti - ful man - sions— And are wear - ing the
heart in her bos - om is beat - ing— That is true to her
fin - est of clothes — — — There are blue blood - ed
class and her kind — — — — And the graft - ers in
queens and prin - cess - es— Who have charms made of
ter - ror are tremb - ling— When her spite and de -
dia - monds and pearl— But the on - ly and tho - rough - bred
fi - ance she'll hurl— For the on - ly and tho - rough - bred


la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. – – – –
la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. – – – –
CHORUS
That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl, To the
work - ing class she's a pre - cious pearl She brings cour - age
pride and joy––– To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy–– We've had
girls be - fore but we need some more in the In - dust - rial
Work - ers of the World––– For it's great to fight for free - dom
With a Reb - - el Girl.––––––

Larimer Street

(by U. Utah Phillips) *(first appearance in songbook)*

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down;
You knocked down my flop-house, you knocked down my bars,
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars.

[Chorus] *And where will I go? And where will I stay?*
When you've knocked down the skid road and hauled it away.
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, boys,
They're running the bums out of town.

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbour light,
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night. *[chorus]*

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,
But you built a new hall for the stock-market trade. *[chorus]*

These little store keepers, they don't stand a chance,
With the big uptown bankers a-calling the dance,
With their suit-and-tie restaurants that's all owned by Greeks,
And the counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques. *[ch.]*

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war:
It's one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass. *[chorus]*

Stand Up! Ye Workers

(Tune: Stand Up For Jesus*)*
(by Ethel Comer) (23rd edition, 1927)

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in all your might.
Unite beneath our banner,
For liberty and right.
From victory unto victory
This army sure will go,
To win the world for labor
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;
Stand up in every land.
Unite, and fight for freedom
In ONE BIG UNION grand.
Put on the workers' armor
Which is the card of Red,
Then all the greedy tyrants
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,
The strife will not be long.
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
All ye that slave for wages,
Stand up and break your chain:
Unite in ONE BIG UNION –
You've got a world to gain.

The Four Hour Day

(Tune: Old Black Joe*)*
(by Richard Brazier) (16th edition)

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,
"We'll work you long hours for little pay;
We'll work you all day and half the night as well."
But I hear the workers' voices saying: "You will, like Hell."

[Chorus] We're going, we're going to take a four hour day.
We surely will surprise the boss some First of May.

Now workingmen, it's up to you to say
If you want a general four hour day.
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand.
All you have to do is join our Union Grand. *[chorus]*

Now workingmen, we are working far too long;
That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng.
Give every worker a chance to work each day;
Let's join together and to the boss all say: *[chorus]*

Blanket Stiff

(1910 edition)

He built the road.
With others of his class he built the road.
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

All Hell Can't Stop Us

(Tune: Hold The Fort*)*

(written by Ralph Chaplin in Leavenworth) *(15th edition)*

Now the final battle rages;
Tyrants quake with fear.
Rulers of the New Dark Ages
Know their end is near.

[Chorus] *Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us,*
All is ours by right!
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!
Crush the parasite!

With a world-wide revolution
Bring them to their feet!
They of crime and persecution –
They must work to eat! *[chorus]*

Tear the mask of lies asunder,
Let the truth be known,
With a voice like angry thunder
Rise and claim your own! *[chorus]*

Down with greed and exploitation!
Tyranny must fall!
Hail to Toil's emancipation!
Labor shall be all. *[chorus]*

The Portland Revolution

(by Dublin Dan, circa 1922) *(25th edition, 1933)*

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,
And not a thing is moving, only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying Wobbly cards,
It made no difference to these boys, which industry was hit,
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting in the can.

They were ushered to the courtroom, bright and early Tuesday morn,
Then slowly entered "Justice," on his face a look of scorn.
Some cat who had the rigging suggested to his pard,
"Here's a chance to line up 'Baldy,'" so they wrote him out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't tolerate
You Wobblies coming in here," and he clenched his little fists,
"'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency exists."

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing right here.
You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're doing here.
You don't belong to the I.L.A. or M.T.W.
Now what I'd like to know is, how this strike concerns you?"

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at the "law,"
He said, "I am a harvest hand, or better known as 'Straw.'

I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,
I'm here to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs."

The One Ten cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called was
"Rails."

"I belong to old Five Twenty, I'm a switchman in these yards,
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight, 'cause we've all
got red cards.

"We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all your law,
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind 'Straw.'"

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,
"One Twenty, that's where I belong, the Wobblies call us 'Sticks.'
All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of Legion rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,
When a Three Ten cat informed him that his moniker was "Dirt."
He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,
Because we all are organized in One Big Union grand.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall.
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the Three Ten cat.

He said, "Let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,
For 'Shorty' plainly says he's 'dirt,' and 'Slim' belongs to 'sticks.'
Now 'Blackie,' he belongs to 'rails,' and 'Whitey' says he's 'straw,'
And all of you seem to have no respect for 'law.'

"Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess," and turned the whole
bunch loose.
Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts' and
'skirts' and 'rails,'
While the One Ten cats brought up the rear, fur flying from
their tails.

Union Maid

(Tune: Red Wing*)*
(by Woody Guthrie; new third verse by Nancy Katz)
(first appearance in songbook)

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks
And the deputy sheriff who made the raid.
She'd go to the union hall
When a meeting it was called,
And when the company guards came 'round
She always stood her ground.

[Chorus] *Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,*
I'm stickin' to the union, I'm stickin' to the union,
Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,
I'm stickin' to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of the company spies,
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,
She'd always organize the guys.
She'd always get her way
When she struck for higher pay,
She'd show her card to the National Guard,
And this is what she'd say – *[chorus]*

A woman's struggle is hard
Even with a union card,
She's got to stand on her own two feet,
And not be a servant of a male elite.
It's time to take a stand,
Keep working hand in hand,
There is a job that's got to be done
And a fight that's got to be won. *[chorus]*

The White Slave

(Tune: Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
Worked every day in a laundry;
All that she made for food she paid,
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;
An old procuress spied her there,
She came and whispered in her ear:

[Chorus] *Come with me now, my girly,*
Don't sleep out in the cold,
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear;
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,
Walks all alone 'long the river;
Five years have flown, her health is gone,
She would look at the water and shiver;
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,
She'd hear a voice call from the deep: *[chorus]*

Girls in this way fall every day,
And have been falling for ages.
Who is to blame? You know his name,
It's that boss that pays starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptation calling everywhere. *[chorus]*

They Are All Fighters

(Tune: San Antonio*)*

(by Richard Brazier) (1909 edition)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen,
They're known throughout the land.
They've seen the horrors of the bull pen
From Maine to the Rio Grande.
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation,
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.
Their organization is known to the nation
As the Industrial Workers of the World.
Then hail to this fighting band!
Good luck to their union grand!

[Chorus] They're all fighters from the word go,
And to the master they'll bring disaster;
And if you join them, they'll let you know
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns
In defense of their natural rights.
They've proved themselves to be Labor's sons
In all of the workers' fights.
They have been hounded by power unbounded
Of capitalists throughout the land,
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,
For we still remain a union grand.
Then hail to this fighting band!
Good luck to their union grand! *[chorus]*

Are You A Wobbly?

(Tune: Are You From Dixie?*)*
(by Joe Foley) (21st edition, 1925)

Hello there, worker, how do you do?
You're up against it, broke, hungry too.
Don't be surprised I recognized:
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.
You want what I want, that's Liberty,
Your frowning face seems to say to me.
Where there's a will, Bill, then there's a way, Bill;
Come hear what I say:

[Chorus] *Are you a Wobbly? Then listen buddy*
For the One Big Union beckons to you –
A workers' union, industrial union –
Tell every slave you see along the line,
It makes no difference what your color
Creed, sex, or kind,
Become a Wobbly, and then we'll prob'ly
Get free from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,
"How can we do it – when is the day?"
When all the ladies and all the babies
And every man who works for a wage
Gets in the Union, One Union Grand,
And it's all hands together – make our demand.
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,
Fold up our arms and walk off the job. *[chorus]*

The Lumberjack's Prayer

(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*)*
(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta], about 1920)

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake
Give us this day a T-Bone steak.
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,
And send us down some decent board,
Brown gravy and some German fried
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,
And if thou havest custard pies,
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,
I quite forgot the quail on toast.
Let your kindly heart be stirred
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know Your holy wish,
On Friday we must have a fish.
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs,"
These sausages of powdered logs;
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and pressed beef butts
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;
The whitewash milk and oleorine

I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,
But if you won't, our Union will
Put porkchops on the bill of fare
And starve no workers anywhere.

Answer To The Prayer

I am happy to say this prayer has been
Answered – by the "old man" himself.
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,
And that if I'm not getting mine
It's because I'm not organized
Sufficiently strong to force
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge
Of "dogs," pressed beef butts, etc.
And that they are probably
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that
The Capitalists are children of His'n,
And that he absolutely refuses
To participate in any children's squabbles.
He believes in fighting it out along
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

– Yours in faith,
T-Bone Slim

Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks

(Tune: Portland County Jail*)*
(13th edition, 1917)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;
For fifty years they've packed a bed, but never will again.

[Chorus]

"Such a lot of devils," – that's what the papers say –
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some increase in pay.
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out as one;
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."
If they did they'd hike – but now they're fifty thousand strong.
[chorus]

Take a tip and start right in; plan some cozy rooms,
Six or eight spring beds each, with towels, sheets, and brooms.*
Shower baths for men who work keep them well and fit.
A laundry, too, and drying room would help a little bit. *[ch.]*

** Conditions fought for in 1917 no longer acceptable.*

[The 1917 lumber strike changed the outcast, blanket-toting timberbeast into a highly respected lumber worker welcomed anywhere. No other strike in history has so transformed life styles. The demands that did this were won by job action after military repressions made it advisable for the IWW to call the walkout off, seemingly defeated.]

Dollar Alarm Clock

(Tune: Old Oaken Bucket*)*
(by John Healy) (14th edition, 1918)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;
Get canned, perhaps steal – maybe land in a prison,
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

[Chorus] *The faithful alarm clock;*
The rattling alarm clock;
The dollar alarm clock
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented:
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.
If overly weary I take a tin bucket
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring. *[ch.]*

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary
And says we are hauling too much of a load;
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive –
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five. *[chorus]*

Stick 'Em Up

(Tune: Stung Right*)*
(A song for Stickerette Day, April 29, 1917)
(by "Shorty") (first appearance in songbook)

Wherever we may stroll today our fellow slaves will know –
We'll leave a trail of stickerettes no matter where we go;
On every slave-pen in the land, on every fence and tree,
The agitators will be stuck for every slave to see.

[Chorus] Stuck right, stuck right, S-T-U-C-K,
Stuck right, stuck right, all along the way;
All you slaves who read them, hurry and get wise –
Line up in the O.B.U. and ORGANIZE!

Now all the bosses and their stools will think they're out of luck
To see the spots of black and red where stickerettes are stuck;
And after they have scratched them off and shook their fists and swore
They'll turn around to find again about a dozen more. *[ch.]*

Upon the back of every truck, on packages and cards,
Upon the boats and in the mines and in the railroad yards,
From Maine to California and even further yet,
No matter where you look you'll see a little Stickerette! *[ch.]*

[IWW 'Silent Agitators' can preach the Industrial Union gospel twenty-four hours a day, and in places where you might never be able to open your mouth. Lay in a good supply from your Branch Secretary, or write Headquarters.]

The Prison Song

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching*)*
(by William Whalen) (1916 edition)

In the prison cell we sit
Are we broken-hearted – nit –
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;
For we know that every Wob
Will be busy on the job,
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

[Chorus] Are you busy, Fellow Workers?
Are your shoulders to the wheel?
Get together for the cause
And some day you'll make the laws,
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"
It's as good as we expected when we came.
It's the way they treat the slave
In this free land of the brave;
There is no one but the working class to blame. *[chorus]*

When the eighty-five per cent
That they call the "working gent"
Organizes in a Union of its class,
We will then get what we're worth –
That will be the blooming earth.
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass. *[chorus]*

[This appeared under the title Everett County Jail *in the 15th edition of the IWW Songbook in 1919, and later as* California Prison Song.*]*

To JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah, November 19, 1915

To FRANK H. LITTLE

Lynched by the Copper Barons at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917

To WESLEY EVEREST

Mutilated and hanged by the Lumber Trust at Centralia, Washington, November 11, 1919

To ALL

unnamed and nameless Wobblies who have suffered and died in the cause of a world united in peace and free from the exploitation of labor

We'll remember you.
They couldn't still your voice,
So they strangled it;
They couldn't chill your heart,
So they stopped it;
They couldn't dam your life blood
So they spilled it.

Red November, black November
Bleak November, black and red;
Hallowed month of labor's martyrs,
Labor's heroes, labor's dead.

Labor's wrath and hope and sorrow
Red the promise, black the threat.
Who are we not to remember?
Who are we to dare forget?

Black and red the colors blended;
Black and red the pledge we made
Red until the fight is ended
Black until the debt is paid.

– Ralph Chaplin
November 1933

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie –
Dust unto dust –
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell –
Too strong to strive –
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng –
The cowed and the meek –
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

– Ralph Chaplin
Cook County Jail, 1918

Where The Fraser River Flows

(Tune: Where The River Shannon Flows*)*
(written by Joe Hill, Fraser River Strike Camp) (1912 edition)

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

[Chorus]

Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and better pay, boys!
And we're going to win the day, boys; where the Fraser River flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,
And they're not our benefactors, as each fellow worker knows.
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And we will show no white feather where the Fraser River flows.
[chorus]

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared them
Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.
[chorus]

[This is one of several songs Joe Hill wrote in strike picket camps along the line of the Canadian Northern in British Columbia in spring of 1912. The strike shut down 400 miles of railroad construction and made IWW stop shipments from Duluth and Los Angeles. Folklore has it that during this strike a Chinese restaurant keeper coined the term Wobbly trying to ask men if they were IWW members.]

Outa Work Blues

(by Carlos Cortez) (first appearance in songbook)

Well it's a long time on the street
And the rockin' chair money's all gone,
It's a long time on the street
And the rockin' chair money's all gone.
I'm down to rollin' my own
And pickin' butts off the lawn.

Went to the employment office
To see what I could find,
I went to the employment office
To see what I could find.
Six hundred other people there
Same thing on their mind.

Told the interviewer
I'd do anything but shovel crap,
I told the interviewer
I'd do anything but shovel crap.
He told me he was sorry,
There was only one opening for that.

When I was drawing compensation
They'd hang any job on my neck,
Yes, when I was drawing compensation
They'd hang any job on my neck.
But now that old rockin' chair's busted
They won't let me past the first desk.

President said on television
That things was mighty fine,
The president said on television
That things was mighty fine.
Man at the supermarket tells me
No groceries sold on time.

Casey Jones – The Union Scab

(Tune: Casey Jones*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1912 edition)

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on strike;
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.

The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur –
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

Out In The Breadline

(Tune: Throw Out The Lifeline*)*
(1911 edition)

Out in the breadline, the fool and the knave,
Out in the breadline, the sucker and slave;
Coffee and doughnuts now take all our cash;
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

[Chorus] *Out in the breadline, rain or sunshine,*
We're up against it today.
Out in the breadline, watching the job signs,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and west;
Jobs are quite scarce – they are none of the best;
Grub, it is rocky – a discount we pay,
We are dead broke and we'll have to eat hay. *[chorus]*

We are the big bums, the hoboes, the vags,
Oh, we look hungry, our clothes are in rags,
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake. *[chorus]*

The Red Flag

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland *or* Tannenbaum*)*
(written by James Connell in 1889)

The workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

[Chorus] *Then raise the scarlet standard high;*
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng. *[chorus]*

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now. *[chorus]*

It suits today the meek and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down. *[chorus]*

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn. *[chorus]*

The Popular Wobbly

(Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me*)*
(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta]) (1920 edition)

I'm as mild-mannered man as can be,
And I've never done them harm that I can see;
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty,
But I can't see why they always pick on me;
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,
And he held his gun where everyone could see;
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we never could agree;
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,
And he locked me up and threw away the key;
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

The Preacher And The Slave

(Tune: In The Sweet Bye And Bye*)*
(by Joe Hill) (1911 edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

[Main Chorus] *You will eat, bye and bye,*
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray.
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you are on the bum: *[ch.]*

If you fight hard for children and wife –
Try to get something good in this life –
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell. *[chorus]*

Workingmen of all countries unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

[Last Chorus] *You will eat, bye and bye,*
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

WE WELCOME ALL WAGE WORKERS!

If you believe that labor's hope is One Big Union, and if you want to help build that union, you belong in the IWW. Workers who bargain through other organizations are, of course, also welcome to join.

If there is no IWW hall or office in your vicinity, and no job delegate where you work, write to the IWW General Secretary, 3435 N. Sheffield, Suite 202, Chicago, Illinois 60657 USA for information on joining and organizing. IWW initiation fees and dues are deliberately kept low, so that union benefits are within reach of those low-paid workers who need them most, and furthermore to prevent the growth of bureaucracy or racketeering; nowhere does IWW initiation exceed $10.00, or dues exceed $5.00 a month. Twenty members may form a chartered Branch; Branches retain half of all dues revenue.

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JOE HILL; IWW SONGWRITER

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